A good olde shephearde, *Wrenock*, was his name,
Made me by arte more cunning in the same.

Fro thence I durst in derring to compare
With shepheards swayne, what euer feede in field:
And if that *Hobbinol* right iudgement bare,
To *Pan* his owne selfe pype I needé not yield.
For if the flocking Nymphes did folow *Pan*,
The wiser Muses after *Colin* ranne.

But ah such pryde at length was ill repayde,
The shepheards God (perdie God was he none)
My hurtlesse pleasaunce did me ill vpbraide,
My freedome lorne, my life he lefte to mone.
Loue they him called, that gaue me checkmate,
But better mought they haue behote him Hate.

Tho gan my louely Spring bid me farewel,
And Sommer season sped him to display
(For loue then in the Lyons house did dwell)
The raging fyre, that kindled at his ray.
A comett stird vp that vnkindly heate,
that reigned (as men sayd) in *Venus* seate.

Forth was I ledde, not as I wont afore,
When choise I had to choose my wandring waye:
But whether luck and loues vnbridled lore
Would leade me forth on Fancies bitte to playe.
The bush my bedde, the bramble was my bowre,
The Woodes can witnesse many a wofull stowre.

Where I was wont to seeke the honey Bee,
Working her formall rownes in Wexen frame:
The grieslie Todestoole growne there mought I se
And loathed Paddocks lording on the same.
And where the chaunting birds lulde me a sleepe,
The ghastlie Owle her grieuous yane doth keepe.

Then

Then as the spring giues place to eld
And bringeth forth the fruite of sonn
Also my age now passed youngthly pry
To things of ryper reason selfe apply
And learnd of lighter timber cotes
Such as might saue my sheepe and

To make fine cages for the Nighting
And Bas-kets of bulrushes was my
Who to entrappe the fish in winding s
Was better seene, or hurtful beastes t
I learned als the signes of heauen t
How *Phœbe* sayles, where *Venus* s

And tryed time yet taught me greater
The sodain rysing of the raging seas
The soothe of byrds by beating of the
The power of herbs, both which can
And which be wont to enrage the
And which be wont to worke etern

But ah vnwise and witlesse *Colin clo*
That kydst the hidden kinds of many
Yet kydst not ene to cure thy sore har
Whose ranckling wound as yet does
Why liuest thou stil, and yet hast
Why dyest thou stil, and yet aliue

Thus is my sommer worne away an
Thus is my harueste hastened all to r
The care that budded faire, is burnt
And all my hoped gaine is turnd to
Of all the seede, that in my youth
Was nought but brakes and bra

My boughes with bloosmes that cro
And promised of timely fruite such s
Are left both bare and barrein now a
The flattring fruite is fallen to grou

N